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TERMS OF ADVERTISING

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

LEONTINE ON TERNISSA'S DEATH.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Behold, behold me, whether thou Or with the gods above; With thee were even the gods more blest, I wish I could but share thy rest As once I shared thy love.

Twas in this garden, where I lean Against thy tombstone, once the scene Of more than mortal bliss, That loitered our Ternissa; sure She left me that her love was pure. It gave not kiss for kis

Faint was the blush that overspread Through loosen'd hair her dying head : One name she uttered, one She sighed and wept at; so wilt thou Twas not Leontion.

Wert thou on earth, thou wouldst not chide The gush of tears I could not hide Who ne'er hid aught from thee Willing thou wentest on the way She went—and am I doomed to stay? No! we soon meet, all three

The flowers she cherish'd I will tend, Nor gather, but above them bend, And think they breathe her breath Ab, happy flowers! ye little know hful nurse lies close below

#### For The New York Saturday Press. "GETTING ON."

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT.

ments of worldly-success are born wit some people, and they cannot help getting-on." So says a certain writer whose judgment and discrimina-tion cannot be questioned, and so say a large number of individuals, who, deficient in these elements themselves, find a panacea for their mortification, in the conviction that it is their misfortune, not their fault, that the aphorism does not apply to them. It is a bent provision of Providence that these unfortu-for whom the forehanded part of society find no excuse, should be able to fall back upon this interior conviction, and thus preserve a certain kind of self-respect, while they are unable to parry or resent 'the ings and arrows of outrageons fortune.'

In our family, from a remote ancestry, there existed

in our ramily, from a remote ancestry, there existed a marked difference with regard to 'getting on.' My mother's side of the house were a thrifty, energetic, methodical people, strict disciplinarians, acrupulously exact in details, particularly in moneyed transactions, and singularly exempt from reverses. The tide of affairs, whick, 'taken at the flood,' led on from one her, never seemed to ebb from the mo nt that the first venture was made, and their very ter became a source of revenue

The paternal branch was of an entirely opposite ten-ency, and it seemed as if a malign influence, like an appointment could not extinguish this, and it kept from sinking one member after another, whom the weight of debt and pecuniary distress of some sort was forever dragging down, and threatening to submerge irrecov-

mother, and the embarrasments of my father's busi-ness furnished ample opportunity for its exercise. Her keen insight could not fall to discern, that the brow of him she loved was often clouded, and she divined the cause to be no other than pecuniary difficulties. Here was not a nature to sit down patiently and bear reverses, but full of energy and activity, with a dertermin will to overcome them. By the got the direction of manly tact and management, she got the direction of many domestic details, and smoothing away number-less little objections which my father's pride and sensi ng as well as save, and by her thrift and excellent management would have established the for-tunes of the family, had not the demand of the most

foundation for their union, the conjugal relation between two so opposite in character, as my father and mother would have been anything but happy. It is often the case that those most dissimilar in many strong points form the closest and tenderest union, and the mutual acquaintance, lost none of its power to the last. The individuality of each, though strongly marked, was tempered and controlled by a genuine religious sentiment, and the consciousness of energy in my mother, was not put forth in a manner opposed to true wifely respect, while the acknowledged lack of it in my father never induced that assumption of supremacy, which manifests itself by petty tyranny, the stronghold of narrow and selfish minds.

enjoyments of his children, all neu, and he many networks of his intense mental depression, and more added to his intense mental depression, and more many networks and the many

asured him we had no fears for ourselves; but we were unable to dissipate his gloom. We could not induce him to relinquish his accustomed round of professional labor, and stay at home and be nursed. We did not know then, but some of us have learned since, that and alone with grief and anxiety. Though we cannot run away from the 'foes of our own household,' yet when we are up and doing, a healing influence from life

ferred with each other from time to time, in order to ed, that our oldest sister Margaret should propose to him, opening a school in our own house, in which all of us might take a part, and in that way educate our

oungest brother as well as support ourselves.

Alas! his mind was too morbid to see anything favorable in such a plan. It appeared to him a melancholy on upon his own incapacity, and excited him to many bitter self-reproaches, and such a stirring-up of old and painful memories, that we were only too glad

to relinquish the idea.

Frustrated in our efforts to earn a livelihood, we oughts upon various projects of saving, educing our family expenses, giving up one and ano poor father could not be long with us, that we would spare him all needless mortification and suffering, and

And we were happy,—happy in the enjoyment of health, happy in our hopes of the future, happy in

I do not think I should be believed if I were to tell the plain truth of our lives in those years. The whole truth would seem like exaggerated fiction; therefore I will tell only a small portion of it. We did contrive by various methods and great ingenuity to spread our table three times a-day, but we rose from many a meal hun-gry enough to have been easily tempted by the sight of

"I have managed to pay for a bit of butter," Margasaid one day, "and now the grand question is, shall we have a feast, and enjoy it all at once, or eke it out till

we can get more?"

'Make the most of this godsend, and then go without," was the unanimous decision.

I think we were philosophers, both in our enjoyment and our self-denial; we made the very best of both ex-

But I will not lengthen these details. Suffice it to say, we grew every year poorer and poorer. Clothes wore out, furniture grew shabby, bills came in, money was harder and harder to get, and our hearts were fast losing their youthful elasticity, when my father died, and the day long delayed—the day of toil, and strug

out any relative near us, with no one to take a special interest in us; and what was more unfortunate than all the rest, none of us with the faculty of 'getting-on.' and the rest, none of us with the faculty of 'getting-on.'

Of this last want, however, we were happily unconscious. We believed ourselves possessed of capabilities
which only required an appropriate aphere to be a
source of independence. We had, like most young source of independence. We had, like most young people, a fooliah sensitiveness with regard to the opin-ions of others; and although we were self-sustained in theory, we felt all the awkwardness of poverty. The deeper sorrows we had passed through, had taught us how to distinguish the substance from the shadow of nisfortune : and we tried to rise above the an

We were, as poor and proud people usually are, sus-picious of neglect and coldness, and doubtless repelled the advances of some who wished to befriend us. But it seems to me that no one really bent upon doing a kindness will be easily repelled. When from a gen erous motive a person wishes to do a generous service, he can generally find out some method of doing it, that will not only prove acceptable, but leave no sting

fusion. He had made no will, for alas! he knew that everything belonged to his creditors,—even the house over our heads. Should we try and keep it? was the our birthplace, dear to our hearts even from the and ciations it held.

"We must try and keep together," she said. "I dency, and it seemed as if a malign influence, like an ill wind, blighted every undertaking, even those projected under the fairest auspices. The only augury and pay off the mortgage. Our father befriended him when he was a poor young man, struggling in his pro-fession, and he must be willing to assist us. I will take a school. I don't know much, but I can study

and keep ahead of my pupils."
"I will go into a store," said Nat. "I meant—that is I always wanted to be a professional man; but no "And L" said Amy, sadly

"You shall help me, at home," said Margaret, drawing her close to her bosom.
"Till Mr. Everton asks for her to be mistress of

Margaret did not answer my question. "Amy was

"Write stories for Magazines," I replied.
"And publish them where?"

"Wherever they will pay," I answered.
"Jane must be the genius of the family," said imy.
It is the fate of genius to live in a garret or

by my wits, I had better starve."
"Your wits are only budding yet," said Nat, genius has only just begun to sprout. How will you manage to keep it alive till it is ready to blossom?"

"You, a servant?" interrupted Nst.
"Hear me out," I continued impatiently. "Why
not a servant for a time, and to accomplish an object
of course I don't mean to be a servant all my life.
When my day's work is done, I can study and write." "And eat with Bridget the cook, and Patrick the

oschman, I suppose," said Nat.
"It isn't a possible thing," said Amy. "Idon's be-"You will see whether I am or not before long," I

"If Uncle John should hear of it," suggested Mar

chosen for myself, let him belp me carry out my plans in a way that he does approve. For my part I don't think we need fear his troubling himself about us any

I should remind you of our father's honest pride in being a gentleman. I am sure we ought to respect his memory enough, to do nothing that would cast re-

there is no greater reproach to be cast upon a man, or woman, than the stigma of poverty. I have not lived many years, but I have seen one and another drop off, who used to be glad enough to sit down at our table, and share our father's hospitality. No one that he had ever loved, could hide away from him, with the miseries. His sympathy would find them out, and his generosity relieve them. I don't know how you seel, but when I recall what he was, what he suffered, how he died, poor, neglected, and broken-hearted, I hate the world, and everybody in it, and my feelings be care for the world, since I know it never will care for me. Miss Prim will say, 'Don't do this.' Miss Whim will say 'Don't do that.' But I don't mean to care for Miss Whim or Miss Prim. I want to do my ow

way, and live my own life, or else I shall be good for nothing. I wish I could begin to-morrow."

Just at that moment the door-bell rang, and a letter was brought in. It was from an aunt in Savannah, our mother's sister, asking that Amy might come to her, offering her a home, adding that the need to dependent, as she could teach the children. We read the letter from beginning to end, then looked at each other, and read it over again. She urged Amy's come in ing at once, with a merchant from Savannah who was letter in New York, and would send us word what day of he would leave.

"I suppose she sent the money to pay travelling espenses," said I. "It must have dropped out when you opened the letter. Look on the floor for a fifty We all feigned to look, though no allusion had been

to say nothing of Savannah?" I asked. "She know

"I don't think she does know it." said Mar "Didn't you write to her that father left nothing, and what does nothing mean? Isn't the word plain enough? Add nothing to nothing and what does it make? Take nothing from nothing and how much does it leave." about

"I suppose she didn't take me literally," said Mer-

"She thinks nothing means not quite so m would be convenient," said I; "but never mind, Amy couldn't go at any rate."

"Mr. Everton would not give his consent," said

"I wish, Nat, you would never couple my name and with cholers when away if

Mr. Everton's again," said Amy, with flushed face. "I won't if it veres you " see why it should. I think Mr. Everton is a good-hearted clever fellow, and rich withal, and would make hearted clever fellow, and rich withal, and woust many you as happy as a queen if you could only love him. Think what a capital brother-in-law he would make. Who knows but he might set me up in business, and put me in the way of making my fortune? I know I

though it may friends.
"I think I would give up some of my semantic dreams," and Amy thoughtfully, "I think I would almost be content without happiness, if I had the

on the stage?"

"Yes, I remember it," said I; "and I remember his saying, too, that the finest, the purest, and the best women he had ever known, were in his profession."

"But all actresses are not so fortunate as to become stars," said Margaret, "and you could not be satisfied as a second-rate artist."

"I know it, and I don't intend to be second-rate anything," said I. "However, as it must be some time before I can be ready to go upon the stage, and I am appointed nurse and government of the possibly may marry, or change my mind, "tim't best to worry."

I discover he is fascinated with me; it does not trouble my conscience, because I know I am as good as he as my father having been a physician, and a man of edu-cation, and his a retired tallor. When he says any-thing tender, I am careful to remind him of the differ-sace of our positions, which I do with a quiet dignity since of our positions, which I do with a quiet dignity that only increases his respect. I determine if he loves me enough to brave the opinion of the world, I will permit myself to return his passion; but if he proves to be a coward, I will let him suffer as he de-

manage to keep it alive till it is ready to blossom."

"I have a plan ready for all emergencies," and I.

"I think out these things after I go to bed. "I will nake known my true position. His mother and bright idea lights up the darkness for me. I smit teach, that is certain, for I don't know enough, and a most steady enough, besides having no patients. So I will tell you what I mean to do. I will go to New York, and hire myself out in some gentlements. New York, and hire myself out in some gentlements of family, as waiting-maid or seamstrem, or something of that sort." ries of wealth very naturally. My husband is proud of me, and for my sake loves all my family; but, to keep up the reputation of the Gordons in not being able to 'get on,' my husband falls after a few years, and dies, leaving me poor. Sc here you have my history, and you may call it a prophecy.''
Reader, in its leading points it was a prophecy, and now I will proceed to tell the fortunes of the rest of my father's family.

Years had peased. Our family numbered the same as on the evening we were gathered together to un-

shall speak of my personal experience only so far as the development of the family history renders it necessary standing aloof from the struggles and muchanics rest, that I lived for a few years in luxury and elegance. They were, it is true, the golden years of my life, but that which constituted their glory and happiness was the world bear I loved. My husband's heart was open as his purse to the wants of my kindred They were happy, happy years, but they were few in number, and I returned to my native town a widow and poor, to share with the others the labors I could no longer relieve. My brother, through the gener-osity of my husband, had been established for some-

"Nat has not a business faculty," he used to say not know how to cheat, is too generous to take any advantage in a business-calculation, does not appreciate he cannot live by them in this scram! to get along one must have an eye to the main chances But for your sake, dear wife, as well as for his own, h shall not suffer for his lack of worldly-wisdom. While his own exertions, for every man needs that incentive, but he shall never find himself in straits, if I have the

but he shall never me...

means to keep him out."

Could I help loving the generous being who when
he married me, embraced all those I loved with his
wide sympathies? Loving him, did I say! It is a cold
word; I almost worshipped him, God forgive me.

It is a very common maxim of the world, that when

It is a very common maxim of the world, that when
the marries a wife, he is not expected to marry her
whole family. No; but if a man truly, honorably, manfully loves his wife, he will love those whom she loves,
and to whom she is bound by ties of blood and duty. If
love for her do not enlarge his capacity for loving suffilove for her do not enlarge his capacity for loving suffi-ciently to embrace those dear to her, let her pause ere she give herself to him. Bitter pangs, unspeakable disappointments await her, for a heart whose sym-pathies are not extended by true conjugal love is too inherently narrow to satisfy a generous woman's na-ture. Such was not the love that bound my husband to

me, and every kind word, every generous token of that love for those dear to me knit us more and more closely together. I pity the wife who dares not speak to her husband of those holy sympathies that make the family sorrows her sorrows, the family joys her joys. While my husband lived he was as one of us, when he died we were all bereft together. I went home to share with them a grief I knew they not only compre-

few hours' illness. I wonder I am here to tell it, I

Jane, were able to make our own way in the world; but his voice trembled when he used to ask, 'What but his voice trembled when he used to ask, 'What will become of our beauty, 'our pet'?' as he called her? Amy, darling, I shall need you; I can't live aione!'

"And I will be good for something," said Amy; "I can'd to the family-sewing."

"You don't ask what I can do," asid I; "but you many as well know first as last, that I mean to go on the stage."

"On the stage!" exclaimed all at once; "but we know you are joking." I said, seriously; "I am in solemn earnest. I have thought of it for years, and on the stage I go. I shall never be astisfed till I have tried."

"Don't you remember," said Margaret, "when father's friend, M.—, the actor, was here, he said on the stage I go. I shall never be astisfed till I have naw for the stage I go. I shall never be astisfed till I have house, we will all so to work, and help to pay on the stage I go. I shall never be astisfed till I have tried."

"Don't you remember," said Margaret, "when father's friend, M.—, the actor, was here, he said speaking of a young lady who had just made her debut — he would rather see his daughter in her coffin than on the stage!"

"Yes, I remember it," said I; "and I remember his saying, too, that the finest, the purest, and the house, we will you stay while you see heading for a place!" said Margaret, "when father's friend, M.—, the actor, was here, he said speaking of a young lady who had just made her debut — he would rather see his daughter in her coffin than on the stage!"

"Yes, I remember it," said I; "and I remember his saying, too, that the finest, the purest, and the house, we will you stay while you see heading for a place!" said Margaret, "when father's friend, Mr.—, the actor, was here in the morage. I will write the man of Gordon, and take my indice mans, whiles, or even what it is.

"And where will you stay while you see heading for a place!" said Margaret, "when have enough, but nothing seems to prove that we undertake, and it will

may be, and I think I know what it is, will soon be

I determine if he did she marry him?"

Don't ask me, it seems all like a dream; the day iden of the world, I she came to me with the announcement that ahe was passion; but if he im suffer as he dent, that he is ready appear happy, and I was deceived. She had resolved to the same of that resolve and in the momentary and the same of that resolve had deceived to the same of the s then did she marry him ?" thusiasm of that resolve, had deceived herself. I ask myself a thousand times, how I could have per-mitted it. At the time my own mind was distracted with its own selfish sorrows, and I saw nothing in its

" does he love her ?"

"He has gained his object," said Margaret sadly.
"But is he kind to her," I repeated.

"Alas! Jane, I do not know, I see them but seldom." 'And why ?'

"He will not permit her to continue her family in-terests. His mother, his sisters surround her; she sel-dom comes here, and I seldom see her alone in her Years had passed. Our same as on the evening we were gathered together to unas on the evening we were gathered together to unfold our various plans of 'getting on' in the world. I
ake don't question me with regard to what may ap
fold our various plans of 'getting on' in the world. I
sake don't question me with regard to what may ap
fold our various plans of 'getting on' in the world. I
sake don't question me with regard to what may ap she said to me the last time she was here, ' and for my talk now, but when my baby is born, if I live I will

try and get more strength of mind.""
"You ought to go and see her," I said, " romise to our father was never to desert his child." "I know it," said Margaret, "but I must keep of her life. We are a blighted family."

"No, Margaret," said I, "none of God's children re cursed; let us keep our faith in Him to the end, whatever happens."
"It is no wonder that we break down a

said Margaret, "and I feel at this moment, that those are to be envied whose strength gives out first."
"You are too sad," I said, "you are not like

"You will rally again, by and by," I said, trying to eak cheerfully.
"I hope I shall," she answered. "I hope, if there i anything to be done, I shall find strength to do it; if not, I care not how soon the end comes to me."

"Margaret," I said, hoping to turn her thoughts in-another channel, "I have not asked about Gilbert Harrison. You will have no secrets from me.

"What the world knows you could not long be igno art of, Gilbert is married. "Gilbert married!" I exclaimed; I could say no more aid she, "I will spare you the trouble, and tell you the whole story. Of course no confession of a womar can be so galling as that of an unrequited attachment I could be weak, and lay my head upon your bosom, and cry like a child, and I am afraid your sympathy will make me so. Don't pity me too much. I could have borne the lifelong sorrow of losing him by death, believing in his love, and truth; but the luxury of such a grief is denied me, he lives for another, and is only ship for me, and that another new remote the too thank-ful that the discovery was made before the happiness of both of us was sacrificed. To have had those depth tirred after it was too late, would have been an irrem diable trial for both of us. That in me which first aptivated his fancy faded even before it had time to bloom. No matter; I try my best to explain the chang in his feelings to his advantage, for it does not make me happier to blame him; I have tried and failed. I me nappier to blame nim; I nave tried and laired,
ought not to think of him now, yet I cannot by any
effort of will, by any conviction of duty, or any amount of
self-discipline help thinking of him. Perhaps time will
make it easier, and the habit of thinking of others will help me little by little to annihilate all selfish regrets.

hended, but felt with me. We could talk of him together, recount his generous deeds, his pleasant ways, and 01 it was such a comfort to feel that they could massures my loss, by their appreciation of the value of what I had once enjoyed.

I will only mention here, that one of those sudden revenues of fortune, to which all business-men are liable, despired us of the greater part of our fortune.

Had my husband lived, he would undoubtedly have strengthed out of his embarrassments, but he was select without envy, and now, darling, that you know all my history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave history. God knows I hope so. He is not here, I am spared at least that anguish. I could not compel myself to see history, pray for me, for I need the prayers of a brave heart like yours. The world is full of aching hearts, I know, and if I have come to the conclusion that happi- there will be some who have not the faculty Providence that I could not die, but now I am able to thank God that I am spared to those who need me, life to be cleared up. Perhaps our experience is not peculiar. We don't know what grim skeletons are is in fact, between those who prosper, and those who them up in such a manner that a casual observer is quite deceived with regard to them. We can cheat others in this way much more easily than we can cheat ourselves. I don't care to do either. I mean to look boldly and bravely full in the face of any trouble that But as the chasm widens, the arch is brown to the same property of the same to look the same property of the same to look the same look to be same to look the same look to the same look to be same to look the same look to be same to look the same look to be same loo

may come to me. Perhaps if I get familiar with its as-pect, I shall find that it is, as Longfellow says, a 'celes-tial benediction,' assuming that dark disguise.'' print on her pale cheek a sister's kiss of sympathy What could I say to comfort and support her? I knew what could I say to comfort and support ner? I knew that the conclusions she had wrought out in the lone-liness of her own soul, were the teachings of a higher truth than I could frame. If anything isolates the heart from human help, it is the working of the strong

anxieties or our fears. Jane, Amy is dying, and I ferror of passion which the discipline of life has modhave felt glad to believe that her sorrow, whatever it inseed and subdued, but not exterminated. And I am happy in so doing. If anybody will offer any reason why I should not be, I am willing to listen, though it is probable I shall not, at this time of life, change either my habits or my principles.

either my habits or my principles.

I began this story with the assertion that "the elements of success are born with some people, and they cannot belp getting on," and I have brought up the fortunes, or rather misfortunes of our family, as a proof of the truth of this assertion. It is not probab elements, and, in fact, we are now so groun ions, that it would be at some risk to on

home, was the death of our sister Amy. Si made for the battle of life, and had overestimated her capacity of self-sacrifice and endurance. When she learned that her ability to help us was only a mockery an at the head of his establishment, he did not need image with costly draperies of wealth, but these were starving, nor could be have satisfied its hunger had be made the discovery. She never spoke to us of the cause of her suffering. The only words she said which revealed the bitterness of her life were her last, when in the very presence of death, pressing Margaret's band she whispered, "Do not mourn for me, dear sis-ter. I wanted to do a great deal for those I loved, but have done nothing. I was not strong enough to live, and our Father has made the time short: I thank him

and so must you: could I only take my baby with me! but his will be done."

It was his will, and the baby and its mother lie in

the same grave.

I almost regret having given my word of honor to myself, to be faithful to the truth in this history. I might have made some compromise with my conscience and have rendered my story attractive, at the sacrifice of a little plain speaking. But to proceed, or rather to return to my brother Nat, whom I left some years ago struggling in business, with the hope of being able to get forehanded enough to marry the young girl to whom he was most ardently attached. Poor Nat! If a small portion of the desirable 'element,' of which I have spoken, had been transmitted to any of my fa-Nat's turn to be served. Nothing ever was su to which he turned his hand, not for want of energy or industry, or perseverance, and as it passes my comprehension to know what the want was, I leave it, along with many other unsolved mysteries, to future generations: for it is to be hoped, by some process of generations: for it is to be hoped, by some process of assimilation or amalgamation, with those a thousand-fold removed in blood, that the necessary ingredients of success may be supplied. I am sure nothing would more essentially add to my family pride (if family pride adheres to the spirit) than to find among the dwellers upon earth, some centuries hence, one of the Gordons who had succeeded in 'getting on' in the

supportable, that, too easily persuaded to move in the direction in which his heart leaned, he married. What had been barely enough for the mai one person, could scarcely prove adequate for two. The birth of children, ill health, and various other perplexities, so involved him in debt that his energy and self-respect gave way under the pressure. The voice of a friend reached him at the lowest ebb of his degradation, and suggested an alternative, which he not live to realise his hopes, but he died, believing in his ability to retrieve his circumstances and his reputa-tion. He embarked for California under promising auspices, but the vessel in which he sailed was wrecked in sight of its destined port. Most of the passengers were saved-my brother was one of the few that per to the old homestead at his departure from the coun

Of our Uncle John and our married Aunt, far away and those who have it not. Whether a thousand miles apart or close at hand, a gulf lies between them able as the grave. At the beginning of life we only remains for each, to enjoy names, and of the gulf, in his own way—or rather, the best way

old schoolmaster, who boarded with us, and to whom I had read it aloud for the benefit of his criticism.

"By no means," I replied. "You see in seizing upon certain points to establish the truth of my first passions of our nature, that lie too deep for even the eye of a friend to fathom. He who brought the Divine life to the encounter of human infirmities, 'trod to extract wholesome spiritual nourishment, from a to extract wholesome spiritual nourishment, from a the wine-press alone, and so must we.

There are certain process there's struggles under the weight of pecuniary sold, and an arranmonts, and the cloud of deepondency that deribened his last days, I dare not advise Nat to interest the sold between the sold in the sold struggles under the weight of pecuniary sold and the cloud of deepondency that deribened his last days, I dare not advise Nat to interest the sold between the sold succeed, for sometimes I think there is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is a carse on our family. I don't know where the sold is confession, so at variance with the ordinary manifester. While I, outwardly practical, and matter of fact, carry around with me to my homely task, that the ward of the sold is to confession, so at variance with the ordinary manifester. While I, outwardly practical, and matter of fact, carry around with me to my homely task, that the ward is the sold is a companion for my soon, and a plant the confession of character, that from the moment of their world, in which we were a companion for my soon, and a plant the confession of the sold is to confession, so at variance with the real man stript of conventions to find its way out of the fog in which we are sold in a sew light to confession of character, that from the moment of their or manner and the town of the confession of the carse

### The Saturdan Press Book-List. For the week ending August 4, 1960

Of crave to reade and no critic can ever go to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pun port saturates Priss, then most wordy by merely more thoring them on attention point. The title of a new book, principle in carefy type, it a very vibrable order.—Harven's

# NEW BOOKS.

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LEGAL

ers of these argued and determined in the Court of Common was for the tity and County of New York. In Heavy Hotor and the Judge of the Court. Volume H. 35. New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

#### ENGLISH.

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FICTION. 4. All Life and Turnes has Formals and Engines, has a say I solvate his Kirks and Hallpeine. A Personal Bi-try Leadert II Brough, With Portrait, and Memori-thy pay beauty Act and Sain. 28 Leaden. Ward &

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y Being Part the second of "Twenty Years in By the Rey James Pycroll, HA ha by the Lan

TRAVELS, ETC.

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asta Memors of the Reyal Family, and of the Court of Eng of the fly at Shene and Rechmond. By Folkertone Williams 6 s a vost, with portraits; 31s od London. Hurst & Such that the Lafe and Character of Sir Robert Feel, Bart. By the Right han Sir Lawrence Peel. London, Lengman, Sa 6d.

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he Question Are there any Commensurable Relations between Circle and other Geometrical Figures? Answered by a Memb of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. I London R. Griffin & C.

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When the nails, naturally or accidentally, are ill formed, the redges of abbres should be first carefully acraped, and afterware well washed in strong suds, formed by using discussor's litain Medicated Scap with interactions and their robber dry with a size of the product of the strong suds, formed by using discussor's litain strong suds, and the benefit of the strong suds, and the subset of the strong suds, and however unexamply it makes become to use the instrument eventy, and not to take off too much at once to their size the nail will be inable to spirit. If the nail grow more to one sude than the other, they should be parted so that the poin may come as heavily as possible in the centre of the flager.

To ensure a complete absence of Tan, Freckies, Salowness, Sur

To ensure a complete between of fan, Free kies, Salisowness, San hurn, Rediseas, Rougherbergers of fan, Free kies, Salisowness, San hurn, Rediseas, Rougherbergers of fan, Free kies, Crackes, Charles Midt, edv., no other Sanje bound the allowed to conse; in contage with the skin. This expusive Sanje-which can be used in hard on soft water—as excellent for slaving, and a sure remedy for the late of mosquitoes. Goarana's Profess Subtiles will infallibly canded at all superflowes human har. Goarana's Lify White converts dark, rough skin into the smoothness and semblance of monurental markets tournated a laquid blong imparts to a pale cheel control of the same of the control of the same of the control of the same of the s

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HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR

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Lopiolis R. Griffin & Co.

The Inscovery and Geognosy of Gold-Deposits in Australia Wath
Comparisons and Accounts of the Gold Regions in Childrenia, Ros
sa, India, Brazil, ster, including a Philosophical Dequisition on

the Grague Gold Water Physics and in Quartz Veries. By
Simpson Invision Member of the Philosophical Secrety of New
South Wales, and its Maining Associat to the Gold Deposits as Crown Com
messoner for Exploration of Gold Fields in Australia

South Wales, and its Maining Association of the Gold Deposits of the Common.

Children's Conserved Common.

Coller. Concerge, and Shakespeare A Bersew By the author of

Literary Chosery.

South Bales, Incidents of Political and Exploratory

College, and Children's Chosen Common.

College Common Common.

A MORAL ATROCITY.

There is a monthly Magazzine published at Cincinnati,

Ohio, called The Dial. "It is devoted, we believe, to

people who have what are called 'high and holy pur
poses;' in other words, to lank vegetarians, hypocrites,

and white-bandaged Pharisees. It possesses all the

characteristics of Succh people, and fulfilis its purpose

Common Common Common.

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Common Common Common Common.

Common The Angust number of The Dad contains an article

some comment, because it so thoroughly reflects that men by the petty standard of commonplace morality The article opens with a sonorous statement to the effect that mankind has a right to an exposition of Letter Physical Constitution of Courts. By Olimbius Gregory
France: FRAS to London CAE Layton
Letters on the Theory of Probabilities as applied to the Moral and
Fruittical Sciences. Translated by Olimbius Gregory Rewnes,
FRAS being Stro, doth boards
12s. London CAE Layton
ton
The result to which he arrives may best be any great example or character ' according to the high

xhibited in his own language, as follows : extituted in his own language, as follows:

"Few men have ever been so monstrously misrepresented and overrated. Men of all parties have united, not indeed to do a wise and good man honor, but so to exalt one who trampled upon conscience and the law of God, who prostituted his talents and his life to the meanest and basest uses, — so to exalt him as to give new inspiration to wickedness everywhere, to foster new tyrannies and crimes, and, making criminals of every name and degree to rejoice, leave all good men sorrowful. And now that the stupendous farce is over, and the polluted altar of God's great temple no longer onger

# ' Smokes with gums to sweeten A name that stinks to heaven '-

now that we breathe an atmosphere freed in some de-gree from the dreadful malaria of lying cant and hy-pocrisy, it becomes us carefully to weigh and adjudge this man's character and life. Rufus Choate gree from the dreadful markers of tyting can't and hypocrisy, it becomes us carefully to weigh and adjudge
this man's character and life. Rufus Choale
was a man of uncoupmon gifts, of rare powers, and
with rare opportunities for beneficent work; but after
his sixty vears of active, tollsome living, we find no
good thing done, and weep over the sad wreck of his
life. It is impossible to place a finger upon one
moral enterprise in which he ever engaged, or upon
one unequivocal sentiment uttered by him in favor of
he with the active of any man reform whatever. We are sorry to know
that his life was not otherwise consistent with the
highest standard of morality, and have no hesitation
in saying that he was a bad, dishonest man. It
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It was, or seemed to be his office to smeer at every philman, or extremely the was not otherwise consistent
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It was, or seemed t

power of moral discrimination. The cause of the shipwreck of his soul was a shamful want of conscience and common honesty. His was a philanthropy which we should call misanthropy—a religion which we should call misanthropy—a religion which we should call intelligion—a morality which we should call shameless immorality. His successes were generally dependant upon a course which no just and true man would employ. He was without high moral instincts and purposes."

To all this wanton and Pharisaical babble it is not To all this wanton and Pharisaical babble it is not necessary that any reply should be made. Assertions so feeble and absurd carry with them their own complete refutation. The memory of Rufus Choate requires no defence against the morality of such 'good men sorrowful' as the vegetarians of The Disi. They are quite welcome to 'weep over the sad wreck of his life, 'whatever that it and we want that a sale of the same was the same wa

are quite welcome to 'weep over the sad wreck of his life, 'whatever'that is; only we suggest that, as their tears are rather dirty, it would be decent to refrain from attempting to wipe their eyes on the public.

We cannot, however, forbear a passing remark on the bestial degradation of intellect from which could proceed such frightful honsense as that we have quoted. It must be indeed a contemptible mind to which such an estimate of Rufus Choate commends itself as comprehensive and just. For in all the life of this Republic there are few characters so admirable and splendid as his. He had, if any man ever had, that brilliant, magical genius which wakes a slumbering world from the lethargy of the commonplace.

from the lethargy of the commonplace.

His heart was pure and genial, with everything that is noble and generous in human nature. His intellect was vast and powerful. His culture was varied and profound. His long life was one of arduous and worthy labor. As a gentleman he was admired. As a friend he was beloved. In the practice of his profession he won the first place. As an orator he was so transcendent and matchless that now he might almost be said to have carried the secret of oratory to his grave. Such a character certainly needs no defe from such morality as that of the Dial.

But it is against the principle of judgment asserted in this article that we desire especially to protest—the old, arrogant, bigoted principle that would make genius and intellect amenable to the petty standard of ommonplace morality. ommonplace morality.

The erroneous idea that ' no man is great unless be

is good 'has been respected far too long. That no mar is good unless he is great, is a larger and better state ent of the truth But your petty moralist will not see the truth. He cannot if he would. Nature has made him mean and small. And thus, with impertinent arrogance, he

presumes to estimate a great character which he canno omprehend, and regarding which his judgments eccesarily wrong and miserable altogether. Thus 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'
Thus the vegetarian of the Dial presumes to estima
the character of Rufus Choate.

And what is it that the petty moralist de Not genius, not intellect, not great ideas, not in the largest sense a powerful and splendid life; but 'moral instincts and purposes'—according to his idea of them, no matter how contemptible that idea may be.

It may be an idea like that of the Dial, fed on tur-

nips and water. But that doesn't signify. The great nan must be tried by it, and by it he must be

Accordingly, if he does not belong to the Church the Sunday school moralist is after him; and Pharisees like the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, do not hesitate t suggest that the great man's soul is dam does not go about lecturing on the evils of intemper ance, and, it may be, offering himself as his own frightful example, the cold-water moralist denounce him as the jest of the age. If he does not join the anti-slavery crusade, and how about 'chains' and 'bludgeons' and the 'flesh of the negro,' the Garrisonian saints light on him and thank God, as one of them is said to have done respecting Rufus Choate that the great man is in hell. If he prefers the pro fession of the Law, or any other decent and honorable profession, to that of the moralist, then the whole leas profession, to that of the moralist, then the whole leas and yellow-toothed pack howl together, and find the has 'prostituted his talents and his life to the mean cet and basest uses.' If he regulates his privite iff on other principles than those prescribed by the respect ability of Mrs. Grundy, that worthy and proper woma exploits her hands, her tongue, and her holy horror If in short, being a man above all convention and superior to all demands of popular caprice and passion, far-sighted, wise, liberal, living out his great passion, far-aignted, was, norm, fiving out his great life in obedience to its own great laws, then it is cer-tain that the whole tribe of Peckmiffs, Mawworms, Surfaces, Slecks, and Diols will pursue him with hypo-critical whining, virtuous denunciation, superficial criticism, or brutal invective, according to their several

of ignorance and bigotry which has so long and so fearfully cursed humanity. It has attacked great men in history and public life everywhere. It has consigned the noblest natures to misery while living, and has desecrated their graves with foulest insuit. It has in-

# POETRY AND POLITICS.

The Trebune has come out in defence of the busin spacity of the poetic nature. It differs from the able objection to General Morris's running as Der ratic candidate for Congress in the IXth District.

We don't know that it is. In fact we doubt if General Morris's poetic nature de in the way of his But it is not simply by assertion that the aintains its point.

It cites its modern instances It mentions first Bulwer and Disraeli, 'both poets,' and 'both cabinet ministers.' Therefore General Morris should be Democratic candidate for Congress in

But the Tribune's research does not stop here, it continues to display its learning in the glorious cause of a poet's political possibilities. It cites Mr. Everett, poetry.' it says, 'is found in every school-

Possibly the fact that Mr. Everett's poetry is found On the school-reader grounds we can hardly call Mr.
verett a poet. We consider this instance weak.

It cites 'Mr. John G. Saxe, also a poet, and now for ernor of the State. Here we have an instance directly to the point. Mr.

Here we have an instance directly to the point. Mr. Saxe's claims as a poet, are no more injured by the fact that he has not yet succeeded as a candidate, than his merits as a candidate are injured by the fact that his verses are of the style called humorous.

The felicity of this instance as bearing upon General Morris's claims upon the public as a poet, and upon the Democratic party as a candidate, must strike even the dullest mind.

Yet for fact that we might not be all the strike of the strike and the strike of the strike are striked.

Yet for fear that we might not be all convinced, The Tribuse continues, and cites 'Mr. George Lunt, who, though a poet, has filled various offices with ability, and but for his being on the wrong side in politics, would now very probably be discharging the duties of his being letter.

A well-guarded statement so forcibly and grammati-cally stated that it leads irresistibly to the Tribust's conclusion. 'No, no; the fact that Gen. Morris is a man of letters, as well as of strong political convictions, is not an admissable argument against his nomina-

Hereafter let no one say that the Tribune is not sealas in the cause of literature.

Such seal and learning should not go unrewarded.

It was undoubtedly the Treben's modesty which pre-

candidate for public office. For as is well known Mr.

Greeley has written poetry for The Ledger and desired

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

tion of these further correlative proofs that poetry and politics are as compatible as virtue and office-seek-

#### CASTLE RICHMOND.

There is a sweet fascination in the idea of a romance of sid Ireland. Nor is it strange either. For, alike in the varied and peculiar history of the nation, in its traditions and legendary lore, in the pathos of its past traditions and legendary lore, in the pathos of its past and present, and even in the physical characteristics of the country, there is always and everywhere the spirit of romance. All these constitute a splendid field for the novelist; but more than all these to him are the national peculiarities of the people,—their vices as well as their virtues, their reckless enthusiasm, their hot as their virtues, their generous chivalry, their love and bitter hatred, their generous chivalry, their wild passion and poetic ardor. In these he may find rich materials for his purpose. With these he may like their results.

The romance of 'Castle Richmond' is a romance of 'old Ireland.' It therefore comes to us with a prestige, and it deserves a kindly welcome. We cordially commend it to our readers, as a novel that may be re with interest, and will be laid aside with regret.

And yet 'Castle Richmond' is in no sense a remark able book. It is simply a story of social and domestic life in Ireland, thirteen years ago. In its course, Mr Anthony Trollope has undertaken what a great many writers have undertaken in the past, and what we preto illustrate the sublime truth that the course o true love never did run smooth.' That is a pretty well-established truth by this time, and Mr. Trollope's ncurring testimony can scarcely make it more sub-ntial. His way of putting the case, however, is in some respects novel; and after all, if a man hasn't the new song to sing, he may as well stick to the old one ects novel ; and after all, if a man basn't the In the hallowed sanctity of memory, 'the bloom is or he rye' forever, and 'the roses are bright by the calm Bendemeer.' Let us have the first love of youth then
its fond confidence, its limitless bliss, its holy aspira-—its fond confidence, its limitless bliss, its holy aspira-tion, its hopes and sorrows and fears, all its triumph-ant joy, and all its withering, wasting pain. As well this as anything for the sympathetic to weep over, the cynical to laugh at, and the critic to dissect. It is a nment for all of us.

Mr. Trollope's story introduces us to a couple of Irish families of good rank, residing in the county of Cork, in that 'most beautiful part of Ireland which lies down in the extreme southwest, with fingers stretching fa out into the Atlantic Ocean.' These are the families out into the Atlantic Ocean. These are the families of .Fitgeraid and Desmond. Of the former there are two branches—Sir Thomas Fitageraid, of Castle Richmond, and his nephew Owen Fitageraid, of Hap House. Of the family of Sir Thomas there are four members—his wife, Lady Fitageraid; a son, Sir Herbert; and two daughters. In this branch are concentrated the wealth and respectability of the family. Of the Des onds, who are not wealthy but very aristocratic re are three—the Countess of Desmond, her son the Earl, and her daughter Clara, the 'heroine' of this ro Fitzgerald or his cousin Sir Herbert. As a facetiou your choice.'

Besides these principals, there are a number of aux iliary characters, including parsons, lawyers, peasantry, and servants. There is also a very useful bigamist, christened Matthew Mollet, who goes about with a dreadful family secret, and extorts money from old Sir

Having mustered all hands, and cleared the decks for action, Mr. Trollope now proceeds to unfold a very complicated and disastrous case of true love, together arge numbers of 'moving accidents' connected

In the first place, Owen Fitzgerald, who is an arden mpetuous, and splendid fellow, loves Lady Clara Des-sond, who is an innocent, fragile, and pretty young reature, of the bread-and-butter denomin awhile he 'lets concealment,' etc.; till at last, one fine morning when they are walking together, he asks her to love him, and she says she will. This state of things is explained to the Countess, who immediately ruffles the course of true love with a breeze of objection, because, as she says, Owen is poor, and because, as she does not say, she loves him herself. The result is a banished lover, and a case of 'human affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient.' Owen goes off to sorrow and the 'rosy bowl,' and there are orgies at Hap House.
Time now passes—according to its custom—and Lady

Clars, hearing exaggerated accounts of the festivities of Owen, concludes she ought not to love him any more. Sir Herbert Fitzgerald now appears as her sulted intelligence and outraged manhood. It has polluted art, literature, government, and social life. It more. Sir Herbert Fitzgerald now appears as her has poisoned the happiness of millions. It has become a terrible evil and nuisance, and it ought to be crushed with the full knowledge and approval of the relatives in interest. Hearing of this, Owen comes to Lady Clars to know from her own lips that it is true—re-ceiving which information, he rides off in what may be period of the story being thirteen years ago —the fam-ine, incident on the potato-rot, sweeps over Ireland. Relief-committees are formed; there is a good deal of bickering among the Protestant and Catholic parsons; and all the girls practice benevolence, and go into the

Mollet, has been hovering about Sir Thomas with his dreadful family-secret. The Baronet, who is a weak old gentleman, at length falls sick. The family is ondon. Through his means the whole mystery is cought to light, and it is made clear that Lady Fitzgerald, though supposing herself a widow, had a hus-band living when she married Sir Thomas. In this state of things, Herbert and the girls are pronounced illegitimate, and it is decreed that the title and estates illegitimate, and it is decreed that the order Fitzgerald, of Castle Richmond must pass to Owen Fitzgerald, of Englishment. This cheerful bit of intelligence is an intelligence in the Counters of Desmond, who directly assures him, with her customary prudence and dignity, that a marriage between him and her daughdignity, that a marriage between him and her daugh-ter is now impossible. Against this edict the youthful Clars forcibly rebels, rather scouting the maternal au-thority. None the less, however, does the Countess angle for Owen. Explanations ensue. Herbert pre-pares to become a student of law in London. Owen resolutely scorns to take advantage of the misfortunes of his relatives at Richmond Castle, but once more claims Lady Clara for his wife. That young lady-who loves him and does not love him, and whose state of mind is rather inexplicable—assures him, with de-cision, that she will marry no one but his cousin Herbert. Thereupon, like the young knight in the ballad, 'he loves and he loves and he rides away.' Meanwhile 'he loves and he loves and he rides away. Secanwille
the eld Baronet, Sir Thomas, yields to 'unmerciful
dinaster,' and goes down to his grave.

But the confidential-lawyer is busy in London,
whither Herbert goes to join him. There are further

of passion, tells him her love. But after that they do not mast any more. Owen goes abroad, an exile and a wandarar, bearing in his heart the memory of a wandarar has a wandarar had a wandarar had a wandar had a wandarar had a wandar had a wan

promise which, however low they may fall on the

candidate for public office. For as is well known Mr.

Greeley has written poetry for The Leiger and desired political preferment.

Then Mr. Dana has edited a Household book of Poetry, and is said to be not unwilling to accept the office of Governor should it be forced upon him. We most of us can well enough afford to acknowledge in the political preferment and feeling. After all, the course of the control of the same thing in the same manner. We do not make coffee alike, we do not dress alike, the bifted as naturel of even a cordon bleu is not the best master of the correct politics of these further correlation most of us can well enough afford to acknowledge in its reviewal a strange, sad pathos, an indefinable fascing of the correct politics of these further correlation most of the same thing to that affected by Mrs.

Brings a pallor into the check And a mist before the eye

For the New York Saturday Press ! THE TWO SHADOWS.

It was a frolic-morn in May The world looked young and very fair. That morn, to us. Tis now-O, Claire!-How long ago I dare not say! Our bearts were very full of mirth. We thought that Life could never pall

In love with everything on earth ! The Years, we thought, were all our own Claire gaily snatched away her hand; Then bade me, 'on my peril, stand!' And sketched my shadow on the stone

We sate beneath the warden-wall.

It was a profile round and fair ; No angles marred its lines of youth : We laughed : and then, with feebler truth, I sketched the glorious face of Claire

A Life! O God! how mere a speck A microscopic shallop, tossed On the vast waves of Time, and lost! Too frail to leave a trace of wreck !

The Years we counted cycles, flown ! My shadow now, sharp-edged as care! And not a trace, on earth, of Claire, Save on my heart, and that cold stone

CHARLES D. GARDETTE For The New York Saturday Press

'ARISTOURACY. What is the matter with Mr. N. P. Pogers ! 9. His

tirade against 'Aristocracy' sounds mightily as if it came from a 'would be but couldn't!' N. P. Rogers contradicts himself very prettily all brough: he makes the assertion that he 'never could belp seeing equal humanity in every living crea ture, which assertion is supported, very logical his having previously termed the Aristocrat 'paltry and uppish,' and him who 'condescends' to association with him 'no more than a dog or a horse.' But his funniest and most palpable contradiction, is also proof that he has lamentably neglected the 'know thyself doctrine; he says, to quote his own words:

"I haven't vein or an iota of uppish blood in

The dear, self-complacent man! Why, his blood is all uppish! He doesn't proceed from 'words to blows: he commences by giving Aristocracy 'an offhand blow; he was 'subjected to its bhated frown when a boy, and has 'an intern abhorrence of it. But there is no 'uppish blood' in him, dear no, he 'abominates uppishness'; and, being so entirely free from it, he wont 'tolerate nor endure' Aristocracy; he hasn't 'the slightest respect for it,' and 'treat it courteously even :' he is not 'uppish,' not

though he is well descended enough, it never made him 'despise' anybody? He who has 'too much sense to be an Aristocrat,' and to whom Aristocracy is a 'sens be an Aristocrat, and to whom Aristocracy is a "sense-less concern:" who moreover, calls it "superlatively hateful"—of course could not despise it, nor feel up-pish towards it! his expressions prove that!! Mr. N. P. Rogers' ideas of Aristocracy have very

Now doesn't all this, his own language, prove that al-

widently been formed by an acquaintance with the codfish' kind—and the codfish kind only (which owever much it may deserve what N. P. says of it nowever much it may deserve what N. F. says of it, would not have been so treated by him unless he did despise, and feel particularly 'uppish' about it). Had Mr. Rogers ever been in any sort of contact with real Aristocracy, it is probable he would have ound it anything but 'hateful, heartless'; he would

have seen no 'bloated frown' to 'detest,' and felt no early, if not native, inborn abborrence of it Aristocracy is just the opposite of that which he de-scribes. Instead of 'its having no idea that you have any rights or feelings,' it, on the contrary, recognize both, and wishes you to recognize its rights and feel-ings; but those who, like Mr. Rogers, are not at all appish, generally won't recognize that it has such as well as themselves, and then call it 'paltry,' and the

rest of the inappropriate abuse.

An Aristocrat will certainly not associate with an one whom he thinks deficient in education or refine ment (which deficiency would constitute inferiority in those particulars, and probably in others dependent upon them), but it is a point with him to act and be he gentleman at all times, and he will therefore trea everyone with courtesy always, instead of being so uppish' as not to 'treat him courteously even,' not have him about!' Such conduct is only that of those who affect to see 'equal humanity in every living crea-ture,' but who don't carry out their doctrine. The Aristocrat is accused of making 'use of you;' does Aristocracy monopolize that speciality? Does not Democracy, and every other 'ocracy,' do just the same thing? Some of the head-reformers of the day act pre-cisely so, and boast of it as the right way to accomplish an end.

Next, when an Aristocrat is found ' happening amid soup and meal business.

All this while the useful bigamist, Mr. Matthew

Mollet, has been hovering about Sir Thomas with his

cause of his "equal humanity." What liberal charity! Are there then to be no distinctions? Is the fine to be contented to 'associate' with the coarse? Shall ed, and the confidential-lawyer is sent for from the well-educated and refined be pleased to have intimacy with the illiterate and rude? Must the 'dainty fingers' find their happiness in the close grasp of the pugilistic and the 'rough?' And if these distinctions be admitted (as they may be possibly, even by those who acknowledge to no 'superfluity of sense'), if any line may be drawn to separate and distinguish the

'upper-ten' from the 'great unwashed,' why is not the present line a proper one? This much more: when 'well enough descended,' but rather rash-judging, and easily and early prejudiced persons (of not over-much discrimination) shall cease to mistake coarse-grained parvenues and the deteriorated members of once-noble families, for true Arisbleness (that which can, since it is innate, never be an acquisition of the possessor, but is always the result of nature's hereditary laws) be recognized as worthy of respect and esteem: then too, will cease these indis-criminating 'off hand blows,' directed at half-random against a class known to the blow-strikery only through the ill-trained apes which endeavor to its characteristics, and succeed in deceiving those only who (like Mr. N. P. Rogers obviously) have never seen

Aristocracy, the genuine, has its faults, as a class-glaring faults, too, but so has every class; if it is But the confidential-lawyer is busy in London Whither Herbert goes to join him. There are further investigations as to the bigamist. The fox is hunted to his hole. New facts appear. The dreadful secret is expected. The validity of Lady Fitzgerald's marriage is entirely established, and the family is once more restored to its station and its home. Sir Herbert goes back is triumph and marries Lady Clara, and there is exceeding great joy in the halls of Castle Richmond.

The property of the station and the family is once more restored to its station and its home. Sir Herbert goes back is triumph and marries Lady Clara, and there is exceeding great joy in the halls of Castle Richmond.

The property of the property of the property of the control of the way to prove one's self free from 'uppish-blood,' nor the way to destroy a free from 'uppish-blood,' nor the way to destroy a wrong, nor the way to establish a right. Is it?

An Alignochay.

Soapsuds, the Turk's narghile has but little rea Scapsuds, the Turk's marghile has but little resemblance to the Irishman's cutty-pipe, and that which seems the best way of loving and marrying to one set of people, horribly offends the instincts and moralities of an-other. In the civilized Christian world, there cannot other. In the civilized Christian world, there cannot be a greater discrepancy, in this last particular, than between the French and the Americans. From the first look of love to the last word of marriage, there is not a stage of the affair that is conducted in the same way, not a round of the great ladder which is bewn out of the same block. The French girl never out of the same block. The French girl never leaves her mother's side, unless, indeed, she be brought up in a convent: the American young lady never claims, nor would submit to, the most ordinary protection of friend or parent. The French girl is married off by her mother, without even the semblance of a consulta-tion; suitability of fortune and condition being a much more important matter than any such moonahine as suitability of temper, or the Elective affinities. An American does her own husband-hunting single-handed: and if she does not quite take the initiative in the mo ment of proposing, does not hesitate to make her preference as undisguised as words would have made it. The French girl's ignorance of real life is profound, fathomless, entire: the American girl at eighteen writes on the statistics of seduction and divorce, or walks the hospitals in company with the young students. The same national opposition holds good after marriage. The French wife is free, emancipated, almost irresponsible—a leader of society, a personage, a power: the American loses herself when she gains a husband. She is henceforth scarcely a side-ornament where she was lately crown and sceptre both. Young and handsome, she is no sooner married than she is drafted off to the Elderly Section, with whom there is no longer a question of flirtation; and the world which forgave her even grave indiscretions while she was single, will now severely punish the lightest infraction of appearances. It is a curious and instructive inversion: the French granting to the wife the liberty which the American grants to the maiden; and both so terribly shocked if, by chance, their women change places and cross hands over the code.

Between these two extremes, we English hold our usual middle place. Not so strict with our girls as are the French, nor so lax as the Americans; not so liber al of social freedom to our wives as the one, nor so nigrardly as the other : we think as a patriotic matter ourse, that we have hit on the exact golden-mean. and shot our arrow into the very bull's-eye of the question. We say, we give our young ladies sufficient liberty to form their characters, and time and opportunity to know their own minds. We do not many them off to the first eligible bidder, like so many tender little doves sold, boodwinked, in the Temple neither do we suffer them to roam inguided through the husbandless deserts, like wild creatures seeking their prey. We make our bands and bonds alastic the shadow of the broad maternal-wing very far ; so that, by these wise measures, we secure a race of maidens as perfect in their fearless innocence as our wives are flawless in their crystal-purity. Our friends arross the Channel, on the contrary, prefer pretty dolls, in the one case, and matrimonial freebooters in the other; and our cousins to the West hold the best preparation for the fetters of marriage and maternity, to consist in a lawless license, and think protection, bondage, and prudent counsel, mental slavery. Of course each of the other two countries is as justified to itself as we are ; for where was ever the nation to be found which was not, in its own esteem, the ultimate sum of morality? The line to the right hand or to the left, morality? The line to the right hand or to the left, spoils all the symmetry; the dash of blue or red destroys the whole scale of color. La recherche de l'absolu is always successful in the aggregate; and there lives not a man who does not think his national home the most perfectly organized, and his country women the most charming, the most virtuous, the best brought no of their say.

on marriages as brought about in France, England, and (especially) America, giving, of course, the preference by sentiment to his own country, where he finds woman, as wife, mother, and daughter, in far better relations with the Eternal Fitnesses than elsewhere. Perhaps, in what regards her position as a wife, socially and pecuniarily—in what regards the leave and license to work side by side with the recognition of her equal rights with them - she is more satisfactorily placed in France than here in Eng disposes of her property,—where society does not re-cognize her need of labor and self support,—and where she is deprived both of the claim to be helped and of the right to help herself. But the real meaning and effect of these various styles of national marriages cannot be discussed in a paragraph : they have deeper roots and a wider bearing than mere liking; for ou their mode and fashion rests the illimitable question of national prosperity as expressed by its population. In France, where marriages are made without love, and almost always from the money point of view, -- where an old man, a sickly man, an ugly man, is as accept able to the girl's mother, who is the real match-maker, provided he has so many france, as if he were young, hale, handsome,—the population does not increase in choose the best favored offered to them. Here, then, we have at once a key to many of the problems affect ing French, English, and Anglo-American society, and of their homes and families.

M. Carlier thought all this when he took to writing

May we not find in the low amount of animal vital. ity consequent on these loveless marriages the secret of the marvellous docility observable in the Gallic youth who allow themselves to be married and managed like so many infants, while the bolder lives and more florid loves of the English and Americans produce an offspring which brooks no control, but takes the reins of onduct into his own hands at an early hour !-- so com plex, so infinite in relation is every human act. whether for the whole or a part, whether for the nation or for the individual. M. Carlier has not touched on this aspect of the marriage question. "Indee., his book is not very satisfactory on any point. In one page he has three mistakes; and at the best his philosophy is but of a scanty and superficial order. Still, the ques tion is always interesting, however slightly handled even shallow thinkers have a right to their shallow thought and feeble utterance-when they do not choke up the path against stronger and better men.

SUB NOCTEM

The golden moon, up the clear Eastern sky Comes slowly creeping,
To peep so silly in the room where I

And my dear love are sleeping O golden moon! round from the East to West, Of all the sights you 'll see This Summer night, the happiest and best ls my dear love and me.

- The editor of the Gloucester Telegraph is in great trouble on the subject of 'Good Breeding,' and seems to be laboring under the singular delusion that some-body or other expects him to know something about

- Mr. Brentano, No. 636 Broadway, has received by the Asia, Dr. Mackay's new weekly - The London Rassay
-also the last number of The Athenerum, The Crisic, The
Saturday Receive, and other leading English papers. INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

I hope now, General, that you are satisfied.

You have gone night after night to Nixou's to see
the brave Hanlons risk their lives for your annuement,
and last Tuckday you had the pleasure of seeing one of
thom, as he was making a frightful leap on the 'perilme laidler,' fall forty feet clean to the ground, and
an attitum in the of bracking his nack.

one ladder, fall forty feet clean to the ground, and come within an inch of breaking his neck.

As it happened, however, he didn't break anything, but will be at his dangerous pranks again in a few days when you will go and stare at him as before, giving him just applause enough to let him know that you are present, and that you fancy, with a week's practice, you could do the same things yourself—which, so far as the fall is concerned, I rather guess you could, though you would never have the sense to fall on your feet as he did, even if it made any difference (which I don't fancy it would, much) on which end you fell, or whether you ever got up again.

and you fell, or whether you ever got up again.

I wonder, by the way, General, since you are so fond of witnessing acrobatic feats, why it has never occurred to you that they would always be much better done if you would show your appreciation of them by more frequent and hearty applause.

you would show your appreciation of them by more requent and hearty applause.

You are ready enough to hurrah at any bit of ill-timed buffoonery (and you needn't go to the Circus. just now, for that), but when one of that incredible band of Hanlon brothers exhibits an amount of dex-terity and grace which could come only from years of constant and painful practice, you look on as stupidly as a company of country-boors gazing up at a balloon.

I have seen you do it a hundred times.

I write with the more feeling on this subject, just

now, because I am quite convinced that if Tuomas Hanson, after he had performed his preliminary feats the other evening (all of which were both difficult and dangerous), had been duly applauded instead of stupidly stared at, he would have performed his last and most

difficult feat of all with perfect case.

But there you sat, General, just after applauding on of Joe Pentiand's silly jokes to the echo, and saw tha brave and brilliant young man go through a series of almost incredible performances, without exhibiting an more enthusiasm than as if you were made (as I son

times think you are) of putty.

In fact there are times, General, when nothin seems to move you, short of 'a bat on the side of the

You are not roused, at such times, even by my friend Cooke, when, with such wonderful 'sagacity' and unerring 'instinct,' he keeps time to the music of Zoyara's pet Zaidee, who is so delighted with the great leader's intelligence, that he salutes him every night,

at the risk of his neck.

And now, General, I am disposed to salute you, at
any risk, with a farewell salute, and not bother you
with any more letters until something turns up at the theatres worth writing about.

theatres worth writing about.

At present nearly all the performances are got up for the special delectation of Peoria and Judas, who are pleased with almost any thing provided it is vulgar enough, and who will have the monopoly of things until the Fall, when, let us hope, the managers will return to reason, and give us something, at least, that we can sit through without diagust.

A few more words, then, by way of filling up the

A tew more words, then, by way of filling up the column, and I have done.

The 'young and popular artists' at Wallack's announce that they comet (meaning, possibly, that they can) remain in New York 'but a few days longer,' and therefore 'the Management is compelled to announce their eighteen last nights.' The Ravels will continue to do all sorts of things a

the Winter Garden, until the first or second week in September, after which you are to have the Barney Williamses, and after them Miss Cushman, and after Miss Cushman nobody knows what—probably the

successful engagement at Niblo's, have gone to Chica-go, to cheer the heart of McVickers, and make captive the gallant Zouaves. The dear girls leave a 'vacuum' the gallant Zouaves. The dear girls leave a 'wacuum' here, which not only Nixon and the Subscriber, but Nature herself, must 'abhor.'

I see that the 'Society for the Reform of Juvenile

Delinquents' is making a raid—nominally in your in erest, General, but really in its own—against the Sun

Sunday.

Sacrou 1. It shall not be lawful to exhibit on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, concert-room, or other room or place within the City and County of New York, any interlude, tragedy, opera, ballet, play, farce, negro-minstrely, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any part or parts therein, or any equestrian, circus, or dramatic performance, or any performance of jugglers, acrobats or rope-

ance, or any performance of jugglers, acrobate or ropedancing.

8ao. 2. Any person offending against the provisions
of this law, and every person alding in such exhibition, by advertisement or otherwise, and every owner
or lesses of any building, ground, garden, or concertroom, or other room or place, who shall lease of let
out the same for the purpose of any such exhibition or
performance, or assent that the same be used for any
such purpose, if the same shall be used for suppuse, shall be guilty of misdemeanor and in addition
to the punishment therefor provided by law, shall be
subjected to a penalty of \$600, which penalty the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents in
said city are hereby authorised, in the name of the
people of this State, to prosecuta, sue for, and recover
for the use of said Society: in addition to which,
every such exhibition or performance shall of itself
furfelt, vacate and annul, and reader void and of no
effect, any license which shall have been previously
obtained by any manager, proprietor, owner, or lesses,
consenting to, causing, or allowing, or letting any part
of a building for the purpose of such exhibition and
performance.

Rec. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

Nac. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

Nixon will continue in possession of Niblo's until be further notice, and what with the Hanlons, Cooke, the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of the continue of the continue of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of the continue of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of the continue of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of ability of ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of ability of ability of the little girl who hases the little boy about, Zoyars, the ability of ability o 'Hazzan Pastival' at Jones s wo horses and things for a twelvemonth.

horses and things for a twelvemonth.

At Laura Kesm's, Jefferson is making so much money that he don't speak any more to common people, but walks dreamlly up and down Broadway, diligently engaged in not solving the great problem of life, and crying out, at intervals, as he jingles the coin in his nock-

Chees Column

The New York Saturday Pres ADUCT 4, 1866.

PROBLEM No. 40. Br G. M. CHEBBY, of Syraco



White to play, and mate in four move

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 39. B a5—c7 1. B a5—b4 K e8—c7 Anything. 3. K f7—e7 R anywhere. 4. R b4—b7, Mate.

The following fine game was recently contested in London, be-tween Hessers. Koisch and Maude. All unberakled, Mr. Koltsch has nodeally taken among Chess players a place in the very firs-rank. In the present game (copied from the Res) he gives the detection of the Chamber Kottler which must be removed from the

Kolincu.	MATER.	The commencement of a most masterly combination.
1. e2-e4	e7-e5	B 44-bt
2. Kigl-f3	Kt b8-c6	If, instead of this, Ras-bi
3. B f1-c4	B R-cb	White replies with effect, R b
4. 0-0	d7-d8	-b7:
5. b2-b4	B cb-b4:	15. R (1-d) Et /6-d7
6. c2-c3	H b4-c5	16. R b1-c1 Ki c6-de
7. d2-d4	- eb-d4:	17. Kt /3-e6: e7-c6
8. c3-d4:	B c5b6	18. R d1-d4: B b6-d4
9. B c1-b2	Kt gs-re	19. R c1-c6: Q d8-f6
10. e4e5	d6-e5:	
11. B b2-a3	B ct—et	B d4 - e4: would have prolong
12. B c4-06:		ed but could not have saved th
13. Q d1-a4	B b6-44	game. White now Mates in tw
14. R al-bl		moves.

Descon and his Defend

Somebody who gives himself the appropriate name of 'X. Y. Z.' (Ex-wise-head) has made an appearance in the Philadelphia Evening Bullein, with the intention of confounding the rebellious editors of the Evening Journal, and of giving Mr. F. Deacon what the servant girls call a 'character

girls call a 'character.'

To accomplish the first object, he brings forward his great superiority over the editors of the Journal in point of—age. As a player he has, we believe, the same advantage over Morphy and Paulsen.

He effects his second object in an equally satisfactory and felicitous manner. With the Chess Playe's Chronicle and Staunton's Tournament before him, he makes some statistical discoveries which lead him to the conclusion that to him and other elderly persons the name of Mr. Deacon, of Bruges, is almost as familiar clusion that to him and other elderly persons the name of Mr. Deacon, of Bruges, is almost as familiar as that of almost any other European player. Be-cause a player of 'some skill'—that is, a player of the third or fourth rank, at most—had, between seven and eleven years ago, fifteen of his games and seven of his problems published in the Chronicle; because the assemblage of 1851 he played in the Province the assemblage of 1851 he played in the Provincial Tournay and won in the Minor Match, becoming entitled thereby to the smallest prise; because, eight years ago, he won five games in seven of the German player, Mayet; because, we say, of these not very remarkable or unprecedented achievements, 'X. Y. X' would have us believe that this player, Deacon, is or coght to be so well known that his personal character or characteristics, if he has any, could hardly have failed to be published to the world! The exact language is, 'this notoriety, had he been a person of gross incorrectness, could scarcely have failed to bring out the fact.' And, by what follows, we see that he means, 'bring out' in print. He could mean nothing else, without being guilty of playing a trick upon his readers.

public to know how many faulty problems they publish.

Of the eight problems by Deacon, which have appeared in the Circuist, ET least five are erroseous.

Deacon was a competitor in the Era Tournament; left to inter that the other your water round to be busy.

And of the two which seev published, one is wrong, being easily solvable in three moves, instead of the stipulated seven. Of the four problems that have appeared lately in the Illustrated London News, at least

And, what is worse, Deacon's blundering appears to be of that aggravated kind which may be called de-liberate blundering. As 'X. Y. Z.' is so fond of prob-abilities, we give some extracts from his own sources, to show the probable reason why Deacon has won games of better players than himself:

"The tedlem of his play is quite insufficientle."—C. P.
"In the 'Elmor Match," which, if then and other circumpermitted, you to be one of ordered, many printing and property of the property of the control of the property of th

"While has no easy and chrisms a read to visitery, that, unless has were shadoully were one by Hr. Design's different section, one washers have be could make he way."—Survey, from this point, as serverin players promotion, While-Channel by perturbation in playing was sufficiently made near town the grant of the part of the part

was his policy, therefore, to abuse slow playma were consistent.

'X. Y. Z. winds up his communication by what he is played to term a 'system' of the case between Descon and Morphy. He definition of the word 'sview' would be highly inhusenting to the temption to provide the deficiency makers. Instead of yielding to the temption to provide the deficiency makers in the tended of yielding to the temption to provide the deficiency makers. Instead of yielding to the temption to provide the deficiency makers in the deficiency of the d

What multitudes demand
To shake him by the hand!
Hosts of reporters will his footsteps dog,
(As Baron Renfrew though he goes incog.)
Take down his every word,
Describe his mouth and nose,
And eyes, and hair, and clothes,
With a minuteness quite absurd.

Ye free and easy citisens, be not rude, Oisturb not our young Prince's rest; Upon his morning toilet don't intrade: Wait till he's drest. O! will that Yankee not be bleet whom the son of England's Queen shall my 'Out of the way!'

And, O—to touch a tender theme—How will the fair around him throng, And try, forgetting all their shyness, To salute His Royal Highness, The realization of a happy dream! The force of loveliness is strong.

A spark's a spark, and tinder tinder, And certain things in Heaven are written; And is there any cause to hinder The Prince of Wales from being smitten? Transcendent charms drive even monarchs franti A German Princess must be marry?

And who can my be may not carry One of Columbia's fancisaling daughters O'er the Atlantic?

Truth many a one might force to own, Hopes that to her the kerchief may be flung, To the ultimate exalization of a young American lady to the British throne.

A nate if the Beats Transmist informs the world the second companies of Mins Fredrika Renter the left Jerumlem in May, 1859, after a full servey of the most interesting parts of Palestine, hearing level in convents, and seem much desired to less dictinguabed travellers. She undertook the most adventures a completes on horseback into the interior, with a single Arab as her guide and servant, not fearing the wild Bedouins of the desert. She has examined the Hely Land from Mount Libanus to the Dead See; visited the memorable places; passed to Constantinople, Rayrna, and the great places in the Best; and then reached Athens to rest and write. She has arranged and copied her notes on Switzerland. Her turvels in the Rast and Greece will make two other works. She will spend this Summer among the Greek Islands, and return to rest one more Winter at Athens. She promises to give to the world a treatise on Prayer, which is already completed.

— Messen J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, terest, General, but really in its own—against the Sunday-theastres and the Broadway concert-rooms. It seems that if the Juvenile Delinquent people catch any of the managers of these places violating the Sunday-theastres and the Roadway concert-rooms. It is obtained the Well are proposed to the seems that if the Juvenile Delinquent people catch any of the managers of these places violating the Sunday-theast of abusing the Well are support, or doing and any other dreadful thing, they nip them at once, under an act passed last season by the kilota at Albany,—one of the provisions of which act is, that all the fines collected under it shall go to the said Delinquents, for the support of the Pharisees or what-not who have them in charge, and who thus earn a somewhat precarious and Pecksmiffian livelihood.

Well, if you can be taken in by such things, General, it is none of my business; but if I were you, I'd put an injunction on the Juvenile Delinquent Society at once; and at the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would notify the Albany and the same time, I would not the Albany and the same time, I would not the Albany and the same time, I would not the Albany and the same time, I would not the Albany and the same time time to be always of t

"Mr. Cartia was in the kitchen, with the other servants;" nor is it for us to undertake to settle these gigantic disputes. Mr. Cartis is the brother of Mr. Justice Curtis, and, of course, participates in the family dignity. At long intervals, when everything in the political world is going wrong, Mr. Curtis appears, and by a well-considered letter to the newspaces—semethmen by a speech, when he succeeds in explanting an mediane.

—he sets everything right again. If he has never sought office, of which we are not sure, office has never sought him, of which we are sure. He is a Commissioner of the United States Courts and a Justice of the Pence, sharing the last dignity with about affects hearded of his Massachusetts fellow-creatures. As may be supposed, he is a very respectable man, and favors the states of full and Everytis.

Mr. Everett is also a very contravers. It was able to be Fusion of the Brattle street (Busine) Blockinghouse, and there to make "the finest proper level inghouse, and there to make "the finest proper level offered to a Boston sodieson." It was requestable in the Professor of Greek, Mansher of Congress, Blusius to England, Socuetary of State, President of the University. The Mount Vernon Propose are respectable pagainties. It will be a respectable thing to be President of the University. The Mount Vernon Propose are respectable pagainties. It will be a respectable thing to be President of the University of the United States, should fir. Everett union to the University of Universit

diligently engaged in not solving the great problem of life, and crying out, at intervals, as he jingles the coin in his pocket,

Come on, my Deff,

And damed be he who first cries, 'Bidd, enough !'

A cry which you will be uttering, General, if I go on any further, so here's to you, till next time.

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QUELON'OR.

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example.

Mr. Curtis supposes that even the Republican Sentors will vote for Mr. Everett in preference to voting for Mr. Hamila. Here are his words: 'I greatly doubt whether any Republican Senator, when the personal responsibility for his vote, in the eyes of the American people and of the world, shall rest upon him, will cast his vote for Mr. Hamilia against Edward Everett!' This would be very insolent if it were not very silly. We take it upon ourselves to say that Mr. Everett has never yet frightened any Republican Senator; and although he may come in a questionable shape into the Smats, should he come there st all, we suspect neither Mr. Wilson, nor Mr. Hale, nor any of the Opposition, will be frightened into voting for him. And so much for Mr. G. T. Curtis.

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m Frayer, which is already completed.

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— The life of Garlinddi, which Dumas stole from hir. Drights of Few Tork, its author, and which is be-ing published, as the work of Dumas both in France and Maries, White to beauty

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44 The author writes beautifully, graphically, and "It embedies a vast amount of information, which per other irring person possesses. No record of the Stage before appeared, either in this country or in Europe, it compared with this is elegance of language, accuracy of ior justiness of opinions." — Zeroing Mirror.

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For The New York Saturday Press

A LITTLE WINE. Drink, my lover, here is wine See I pour for Bacchus' shrine
All your lips refuse to sip.

In this cop lie suns and rains, Morns of May, and August-noons, Balms from Summer-blossomed lanes, Dews that slept with midnight moons

Sighs of lovers, passion-sweet,— Such as kissed at night and morn-Breath of friends—such souls as meet With a fervor nature-born.

All the heart of vine-loved lands Mingle, in my clasping hands, To these purple deeps belong

Have you dreamed audacious dreams ! Have you thought the dreams so sweet ' Drink! hued with this wine's red gleams All the real, your soul shall greet JULIETTE H. BEACH

[From the London Saturday Review , July ? ] LEAVES OF GRASS.

It is now four or five years since we reviewed Mr Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.' On that occasion we were spared the trouble of setting forth the new poet's mer as he or his publisher was good enough to paste in to his presentation-copy a number of criticisms from American periodicals, which we were satisfied to re print along with a few extracts illustrative of the volone they recommended. We cannot treat a new edition of 'Leaves of Grass' in the same way. It is, we believe the sixth or seventh which has appeared in the United States, and shows, both externally and inter-United States, and shows, both externally and inter-inhabitants were very healthy, so he removed to New nally, that Mr. Whitman is now much too confident in his own p quiarity and influence to care for directing English re-suburban residence in the neighborhood of Fifth splendid. The type is magnificent, the paper is as ray, one of our earliest historians. Having more time thick as cardboard, and the covers, ornamented, with the an intaglio of the earth moving through space and discovered the splendid of the card moving through space and discovered to the card books. The results of the card books. thick as cardboard, and the covers, ornamented, with an integlio of the earth moving through space and displaying only the American hemisphere, are almost as massive as the house-tiles which, according to Mr with the massive as the house-tiles which, according to Mr. Gladatone, are produceable from rags boiled to pulp.

It is a book evidently intended to lie on the tables of It is a book evidently intended to lie on the tables of the wealthy. No poor man could afford it, and it is too bulky for its possessor to get it into his pocket or to hide it away in a corner.

We shall not follow Dr. Wynne in his wanderings to hide it away in a corner.

cultivated of both sexes. We are almost ashamed to New Jersey! oms, and where the male of the gallinaceous tribe is called a 'rooster.' The theory that the affectation of an artistic object will justify any conceivable mode of treatment has never been carried farther.

Poetry of so singular a kind deserves some degree of analysis. Mr. Whitman's first characteristic is, that he is an Emersonian. It is curious to observe the effect of the secondary Carlylism of Emerson on a thorough American rowdy. It is generally the weak, through over-refinement, who are imposed on by that philoso phy which preeminently affects to disdain convention alities; but here is a 'disorderly, fleshly, sensual' Mr. Whitman is a professed Pantheist, but he draws by his teachers. From the principle that all things are divine, he derives the inference that all things are equally beautiful and equally fitted for poetical treatnent, and this is his justification for writing with the tmost minuteness on subjects on which Nature herself has sometimes been thought to command silence to everybody except doctors. Mr. Whitman's philosophy seems also to deny that man has any personality distinct from the rest of the universe. A very large part of his poetry is taken up with assertions that he is everything else, and everything clse is he; nor do we remember to have come across a doctrine more convenient for a poet. It relieves one from the necessity deciments of doing more than enumerating the various elements.

Becarding a must have been lost in the library of W. B. Astor. (The Astor Library), for he estimates it at number (we learn by a note from Dr. Coggswell), as the catalogue will show if it is ever finished! Among the curioaltics of Mr. Astor's library, is a well-thumbed duodecimo, the delight of its fortunate possessor—
Ouge on the Right use of Mammon. Why does Dr. Wynne omit all mention of this facctious volume! of doing more than enumerating the various elements of which the moral and material worlds are composed, the various passions they include, and then the enumeration may be closed with the remark that all these things are equally godlike, or are equally dear to the poet, or are equally part of him, or have an equal house of Barclay & Perkins, Brewers. (retains to be remembered, was the owner and annotator of Collier's Shakespeare—the famous Perkins Folio, the proplaces of public speaking are occasionally intruded, as early the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duk poet, or are equally part of him, or have an equal

Or in the following

I, an habitue of the Alleghanies, treat man as he is in the influences of Nature, in himself, in his inalthe influences of Nature, in himself, in his inalicable rights.

I do not tell the usual facts, proved by records and Goose!

reom saying that he has nothing of the poetical fibre. He is certainly an unredeemed New York rowdy of the lowest stamp. He is absolutely without sense of decency. He has obviously no sort of acquaintance with the masters of his art, and his studies have been appears on the titlepage; the prose works of Walter Whitman, the great American Kozmos, (no connection of Humboldt's); the complete works of Paul de Kock, edited by Tome, and the new edition of Casanova, a the masters of his art, and his studies have been apparently confined to Mr. Tupper, his newspaper, and the semi-lyrical rhapsodies of the Boston transcendentalists. But his taste, now hopelessly perverted, seems to have been naturally delicate, and he has a very vivid imagination. When his pictures happen (as is rarely the case) to be neither befouled with filth nor defaced by vulgarity, they are, for the most part, of Renner's Monthly in the Editor's Table of Renner's Monthly in the Ed ters of his art, and his studies have been ap-

Where cattle stand and shake away fits with the tremulous shuddering of their hides.

Where the cheese-cloth hangs in the kitchen—Where andirons straddle the hearth-slab—Where cobwebs fall in festoons from the rafters,

Where trip-hammers crash—Where the press is whiring its cylinders.

We conclude with some lines which are more like true poetry than anything else in the volume. They are fished out from the very midst of a sea of foul im-

Press close, bare-bosomed Night! Press close, mag-netic, nourishing Night! Night of South winds! Night of the large few stars! Still, nodding Night! Mad, naked, Summer Night.

Smile, O voluptuous, cool-bresthed Earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! Earth of the mountains,
misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full-moon, just tinged

with blue!

Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river!

Earth of the limpid-gray of clouds, brighter and clearer
for my sake!

Far swooping, elbowed Earth! Rich, apple-blossomed

Earth!

Smile, for your lover comes!

Prodigal, you have given me love! Therefore I to you give love! speakable, passionate love!

[From Vanity Fair.]

PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK. BY OUR BIBLIOGRAPHICAL EDITOR.

An imposing volume with the above heading has just been laid before us. Its author's name is Wynne, James Wynne, M.D. Dr. Wynne, we learn from his preface, is a native of Maryland, which was anything but a merry land to him, while he resided there. eveners in the way they should go. The volume itself is avenue, a part of the estate of the late Lindley Mur-

to bulky for its possessor to get it into his pocket or to hide it away in a corner.

This is simply astonishing to us, for Mr. Whitman reappears with all his old characteristics. He is still walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kossimost growth of the most indecent writers who ever the point of the most indecent writers who ever to hide it away in a corner.

We shall not consider the private libraries of New York, but constant through the private libraries of New York private libraries of New York private libraries o this celebrated man (a theologian, we believe, of the raked out filth into sentences. Such books as this have occasionally been printed in the guise of a Scrotulous French novel, On grey paper with blunt type, but this, we verily believe, is the first time that one of young Hugo, as some have ignorantly reported, but by them has been decorated with all the art of the binder a young Hugonot, a son of the celebrated Juriconsult and the pressman. The odd thing is, that it irresisti-bly suggests its being intended for the luxurious and the Third, is the cause of his present banishment to

Among the rarities not mentioned by Dr. Wynne in Whitman? At all events, it is startling to find such a poet acquiring popularity in a country were piano-legs my of Melancholy (London, 1621), with the scarce were frilled trousers, where slices are cut from turkeys' portrait of the author as Toodles: Cuttle on Mollusks: and the last edition (Bell's annotated) of Cuttle's fa

> Speaking of Waller reminds us that R. L. Stuart, whose refined taste is well known, has an autograph-letter of Saccharissa's (see Stoddard's Loves of the

letter of Saccharisan's (see Stoddard's Loves of the Poets), and a fine copy of Granger's Sugar Cane (1664). Among the illustrated works not mentioned in Mr. Allen's library, is Harper's Family Bible (India paper, proofs before letter), and The Court of Napoleon, last edition, with the suppressed prune-box engravings. These latter rare works of art are not messo-tintos, Mr. Allen informs us, but Dick Tintos, in a fine state of convention. of preservation! But the gem of Mr. Allen's collection is an old broadside, of the time of Henry th tion is an old broadside, of the time of Henry the Ninth (black letter, supposed to be from the press of Aldus), setting forth in barbarous verse the history of Mr. Allen's greatgrandmother, Barbara Allen! This copy is original, no other being known. It was formerly in the possession of Patrick Hearn, the Antiquary, commonly called Hearne the Hunter. (See Beckford on Hunting.)

Dr. Wynne must have been lost in the library of W. B. Astor. (The Astor. Library) for he estimate, it at

Nay, why does he omit the jewel of Richard Gran posed to have been the senior partner of the fam house of Barclay & Perkins, Brewers. (Perkins it I say, nourish a great intellect, a great brain;

British Museum). This excellent work, which, like If I have said anything to the contrary, I hereby reBarclay's ale, is still entire (we mean Mother Goose, ed the attention of Mr. White for some time past. He intends, we understand, to edit it—a task for which he is eminently fitted, his Shakespeare, to the contrary notwithstanding. Ma

documents;

What I tell (talking to every born American) requires on further proof than he or she who hears me will furnish, by silently meditating alone.

Many well-known conscions are independent for Wynne. Among these are Gardner Furness, Eq., James Harper, Eaq., Henry Wyckoff, Eaq., Professor Zacharie, Dr. Brandreth, and the Hon. Horace Greeley

The extracts we have given will perhaps lead the reader to wonder by what extraordinary hallucination as to the character of poetry Americans have been led to regard Mr. Whitman as a poet. Yet we are far written by Pope Alexander, whose name reversed ap written by Pope Alexander, whose name reversed ap

History of Pilgarlis, and Tom D'Urby's Pills to Parg Melancholy.

The library of Mr. Greeley is rether miscellaneous than select. It is ourious howevers, as showing the range of his studies and the universality of his tastes. We have made a hurried note of the contents. The Life of Greeley (50 copiest), the Lifts of Fred Douglass; the Lift of Barnum (containing th adminston to the private view of the What-Is-lif) The Lifts and Spacches of Seward (imperfect). Younts on the Howe, Miss Lesslie's Cook-Book, Beaches' 8 ther Papers, Para Lasves, Chapin's Sermons; Fourier's works ('Bosh' on the fig-leaf, apparently in Mr. Dana's handwritting); Patent Office Reports (large paper); Webster's Dictionary, Black Diamonds, Unice Tom's Callin, Sudpath's Life of John Brown, Halper's Impending Order, Appleton's Railroad Guide for August, The Chastina Almanac, 1859, an old number of the Home Journal, and hast, but not least, Dana's Book of Househald Postry—all of which are omitted by Dr. Wyane, who professes to give us descriptions of the libraries of New York.

Doctor Wynne, we leave you to your conscience—and the vengeance of your subscribers!

ZOUAVES IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION The following is an extract from a letter written during the Revolution by a young subdier of the Con-necticut line:

necticut line:

DEAR PARENTS: Our company arrived here last night very late, hungry and tired. Twissing is a good deal harder than old Squire Fell tells of. If he'd marched four teen ralies a day for three days and carried his prog, besides Father's old Franch-war fasses, I calculate he'd not been so encouraging to us boys. I don't find fault, mind; I only wish to let you know that we are not on a May party.

At Milford tavern we were joined by two companies of soldiers from New Haven and a company of 'queer fellows,' as Jake calls them, from the Southern colonies. They are riflemen, and are commanded by Colonel Creasp? They don't use any bush as we do, but sleep right on the ground, all in a row as Indians do. But their antics in military exercise are of the curious-est kind. They load and fire their rifles lying flat on their bellies. After that they tangle themselvas all up in a knot, and look just like a porcupine, with their guns sticking out all over them. But the wondermost part of their actions is their hitting a mark.

Any one of them can hit a small petato at forty rods distance. You never saw anything like it. When we get to camp I will write more about these riflemen, who would amuse the girls if they could see them cut their antics.

I would not, if I could, be wise,
I cuvy not the regal state,
Wealth has small splendor in mine eyes,
I am contented with my fate; n.

And feel the fresh air round me blow For me she earth is spread with flower For me the gurgling waters flow: m.

And if I'm loved by one alone, Loved by one only let me be, For that one heart is all my own-Ye kings, wise, rich men, envy me. DR. HENRY

Landro in the valley of Amberro, July 22, 1854.

#### LITERATURE IN JAPAN

The Japanese-printers keep the market well supplies with cheap, easy books, intended for the instruction of children, or people of the poorer careful of children, or people of the poorer careful of these books are illustrated and explained with frequent woodcuts, which are engraved on the same wood-blocks with the type. Like the Chinese, they only print on one side of their thin paper. An imperial cyclopedia, printed at Mesko, in the Mikado's palace, is most conspicuous-

According to Balbi, the libraries at Jeddo and Mer

According to Balbi, the ilbraries as Jacob and according to Balbi, the ilbraries as Jacob and according to a favorite resource and all are agreed that reading is a favorite resource and recreation with both sexes, and that the Dairi, or court of the Mikado, is eminently a learned, literary

court.

It is said that few sights are more common in Japan, during the sunny seasons of the year, than that of a group of ladies and gentlemen seated by a cool running stream, or in a shady grove, each with a book in hand.

stream, or in a shady grove, each with a book in hand. Whatever their literature may be, it is evident that it delights them, and that it has polished their manners. It is scarcely fair to judge of the literature of any country by mere translations. The difficulty of so judging is vastly increased when the language of the original writer and that of the translator differ so entirely as does the Japanese from Dutch, German, French, English, or any European dialect. Then again we possess as yet very few and fragmentary translations from the Japanese of any kind. In this our uninformed condition, it appears to have been rather preial, and monotonous; the specimens of their geographical works dry and dull. But in the multiplicity of native authors and books, the best may not have been chosen, or the very few Europeans who have tried their hands at the task may not have been the best of

translators.

It is said that every Japanese is fond of quoting poetry, and enlivening his conversation with verse. So far he seems to be a perfect Doctor Pangless. But of the metre, or rhyme, or construction of Japanese poetry, we can scarcely be said to know anything. It antithesis, epigrammatic turns, and what we call concetti, or conceits.—Japon and Bar People.

# One Ching and Another.

— Among the manuscripts and autograph letters which were chiefly collected by the late Rey. John Mitford, and were recently sold by Massa. Sotheby & Wilkinson, we notice Apuleii Metamorphosis, Sec. XV., on vellum, written in a semi-Gothle hand, with initial letters in red. £60.—Asconius Pudiasus. in Ciceronis Orationes, Sec. XV., in a similar hand, with the arms of the person for whom it was executed, £25.—Dictys Cretensis de Bello Trojano, Sec. XV., a heavitful little Italian manuscript, £15.—Dionis Vits Octavii, Sec. XVI., exquisitely written by Vergetius, with the arms of the Cardinal Farpesio, £27 10s.—A collection of Tracts on Grammar and Procedy, by an English Scribe in the 13th century, £58.—A Book of Hours of French Art, filled with beautiful borders and ministures, and in very pure condition, £119.—Horatii Placet Carmina, written in the 10th century, on vellums, £210.—Juvenalis Satyre, Sec. XV., beautifully written, £16.—Among the autograph letters may be mentioned: A collection, arranged in three volumes, on Scientific, Antiquarian, and Classical subjects, frem eminent scholars, £18 10s.—Mitford's Becollections, extending over a period of fifty years, comprising smacdotes of distinguishes collisions and the second of t in the bandwriting of the possessor. (Many of these rarely the case) to be neither befouled with filth nor defaced by vulgarity, they are, for the most party atrikingly presented. A sort of catalogue of scenes of American life, which, according to Mr. Whitman's easy method, is continued for half-a-dozen pages and easy method, is continued for half-a-dozen pages and escriptive power. We can only quote the beginning. Over the growing sugar—over the cotton-plant—over the rice in its low moist field.

Over the sharp-peaked farm-house, with its acaloped acum and alender shoots from the gutters.

Over the western persimmon—over the long-leaved (corn—over the delicate blue flowered flax.

Over the white and brown buck-method where diax.

Over the dusky green of the rye as it ripples and shades in the broess.

Calling mountains, pulling myself cautiously up, holding on by low scragged limbs.

Walking the path worn in the grass and beat through the leaves of the brush.

Where the quall is whistling betwirt the woods and the wheat-lot.

Where the fails keep time on the bear floor, Where the brook puts out of the roots of the old tree and flows to the meadow, acholars, £18 10s.—Mitford's Becollections, extending over a period of fifty years, comprising smeedotes of distinguished political and literary calchrities of the past and the present centuries, £82 10s.—Two letters in the autograph of Daniel Defos, £11.—A way interesting one from Dryden, 'To the faint hands of Madam Honor Dryden,' written while a hands of Madam Cambridge, £10. The sale concluded with five Armenian manuscripts, finely written and illuminated, which produced £197 5s.—Total of the day's sale, £1,085 17s. 6d.

King and the Queen of Memoirs and Correspondence of the King and the Queen of Westphalis, or the late Prince Jerome and Queen Catherine. This Prince left secret motes for his Memoirs, which have been delivered into he hands of the Emperor.

— M. Charles Dupenty has returned from Milan with a not inconsiderable collection of original letters from Napoleon the First. These have been delivered to the commission which is occupied with editing the complete Correspondence of the Emper r. A great many letters are in the Vienna Archives, but said to

- Horace Halpole, the literary coxcomb, whose — Horace Halpole, the literary concomb, whose highest ambition seems to have been to conceal the work he did, and appear in the character of a dillettante, kept a commonplace book, in which he collected and wrote out carefully for the press, all the scandalous stories which were affoat in society during his time. The collection must surpass even Brantom's or Grammont's, for Walpole's age was the time in English History when there were no manhers and less morals. toriety, has examined this commonplace book, and says it is unfit for publication. What enterprising publish-er will satisfy the curiosity of a virtuous world?

- From 1758, the year of its foundation, to the 31st — From 1753, the year of its foundation, to the 31st of March of the present year, the total expense of the British Museum has been £1,882,733 13a. 4d.,—no spread sum for the inestimable benefit obtained by its outlay, and a considerably less one than would be required to keep a line-of-battle ship afloat for half the period. Mr. Paniszi states in his report that there is room in the building, as it stands at present, for 800,000 additional volumes, and for a million altogether:

1 the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase, space enough to active the present rate of increase and for a million altogether.

1 To the denorment of Zoology and Botony, including the present rate of the Amartine Regions as indicated by Observations upon the Height of the Barometer and Direction of the Winds at Sea. Also a letter 'On Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Observations upon the Height of the Barometer and Direction of the Winds at Sea. Also a letter 'On Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Diservations upon the Height of the Barometer and Direction of the Winds at Sea. Also a letter 'On Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Diservations upon the Height of the Barometer and Direction of the Winds at Sea. Also a letter 'On Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Prof. Pierce. 'On the Climate of the Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Clear and Direction of the Winds at Sea.' Also a letter 'On Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Prof. Pierce. 'On the Climate of the Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Clear and Direction of the Winds at Sea.' Also a letter 'On Amarchic Regions, as indicated by Clear and Photography, now erecting the Prof. Pierce. 'On the Climate of the Amarchic Regions, as indica period. Mr. Panimi states in his report that there is room in the building, as it stands at present, for 800,000 additional volumes, and for a million altogether—at the present rate of increase, space enough to accommodate the receipts of fifty years to come.

- Mr. Sainte Beuve's History of Port Royal bas make his works valuable, though his style, caricatured by Balzac in The Prince of Bohemia, a translation of which has appeared in the Saturday Pages, is so inflat-ed and involved that to read him is a very difficult

- The fiftieth and concluding part of Routledge's Shakespeare, has appeared. This is the work, the edi-torial care of which was entrusted to Mr. Staunton, and so occupied his time as to prevent his playing chess with Mr. Morphy during that gentleman's chess crusade in England. This edition of Shakespeare is illustrated by Gilbert in the loose and weak style which characterizes all his artistic labors. The edition entains no marked changes in the text, and is of a

- A facsimile reprint of the first folio of Shake peare's works, originally published in 1623, is an nounced by Mr. Booth of Regent street, London, as in preparation. It is to be printed, 'page for page, line for line, word for word, strictly in accordance with the of all the original typographical ornamentation, and likewise a facsimile of the Droeshout portrait on the title, says the publisher's prospectus. There is a copy of the original adition in the collection of Books belonging to the late Mr. Burton, to be sold next Octo-

for the Advancement of Science, was organized on Wednesday, August the 1st, at Newport, Rhode Island. Dr. Isaac Lee of Philadelphia is the President for this

- The National Review, a fair exponent of the dulne — The National Review, a fair exponent of the dulness which calls itself profound, speaking of the Saturday Review, which is facile princeps of the modern school of brilliant writing, says that its writers are like the gentleman who remarked 'there is nothing new, and anothing true, and that it doesn't signify.' The National Review goes further, calls the Saturday Review a 'repository of the results of University teaching,'—a sonor-

continues,

We may search, and search in vain, through this
repository of the results of University-teaching for a
single truth which it has established, for a single high
cause which it has advanced, for a single deep thought
which is to sink into the minds of its readers.

To this vague and stupid twaddle, which is so characteristic of the dulness which calls itself profound, the Saturday Review replied, in an article from which we make the following extracts. They are as true for this side of the water, as for England. A patient world has too long suffered under the arrogant domin-ion of the pedantic fools who claim consideration by

ion of the pedantic fools who claim consideration by their dulness, their ponderous gravity, and their monotonous stupidity.

The real-office of journalism with regard to epeculative truth of the highest order, is to keep the field open for speculation. It is not, perhaps, what the Nanosai would call a new truth, but it is a most important truth, that all honest speculation is a good thing in itself, independently of the truth or falsehood in it. That the human mind should employ its activity on great subjects, is a matter of the very first importance; and as speculations have generally to combat public opinion, and as in England there is a lamentable tendency to deery all speculation that does not fall in with the received body of thought, it is at least a very useful truth to dwell oe, that speculation of all kinds is a positive good in itself, provided that it is based on patient industry. A journal can uphold this truth, although it may consider itself bound not to enter on the discussion of those speculative truths which can only be usefully discussed when the whole method and basis of argument can be satisfactorily set before the reader.

be usefully discussed when the whole method and basis of argument can be satisfactorily set before the reader.

The bruth on which a journal can insist, is not that particular theological speculations are true or false, but that they are valuable because all theological speculation, true or false, which is honest and not superficial, tends to keep theology alive.

In criticism, the truths that journalism can advocate are generally of the same kind. Sometimes there may really be new canons or tests to recommend and explain; authors may be criticised whose works requirang powers of appreciation not previously applied to them; or subordinate circumstances, hitherto unperceived, may deserve to be taken into account. But ordinarily the critic can do no more than insist on truths old and admitted, but forgotten. We may venture, as an example, to remind our readers that we have often is sisted that literary praise should be bestowed with a tackt reference to the standard of really great authors. Perhaps this will be considered a truism. It is a truth as old as the hills. But, new or old, it receives very little practical recognition. Generally, every book, bad or good, is received with a dull effusion of stupid monotonous praise. It is afull of promise and fuller of performance. It reminds the critic of Bacon, of 'worthy old Fuller,' of Sir Walter Scott. This is the ordinary kind of commendation on a hastily-woven tissue of ladylike morality strung together with a feeb le love-story. It sounds a very simple thing to say that if a love-story is feeble it ought to be called feeble, and if philosophy is commonplace it ought not to be put on a level with Racon. But it is wonderful how many people—and even those who might be expected to judge otherwise—test literary success without any reference to the real merits of the writing. Mr. Thackeray's great knowledge of good authors, of his undoubted taste, and his keen sense of the ridicalous, should be to judge of a periodical by the amount of its sale. So long as a periodical

tleman in the story. It might be said that 'there is semething old, and it is true, and it signifies very much.' The office of the journalist is not, unless in very exceptional instances, to bring forth new truths, but to enforce the practical application of truths admitted, but more or less forgotten. We have given three examples of the nort of truths we mean—the value of the historical traditions of a free country, the gain of all honest and laborious speculation, and the necessity of testing literary productions by a high standard. These are the kinds of truths which periodical literature can satisfactorily enforce. It can say all that requires to be said of them; it can apply them to current events, books, and men; and it can employ them without long proofs of their truth. In one sense they are not novel, and in another they are. They have often been promulgated, but they are habitually forgotten. Truths really new and important are seldom within the scope of journalism, because they cannot be recognised as true unless they are more fully explained than the limits and nature of a journal will permit; and because, as most truths are half-truths at first, and half-truths are the food of cliques, sects, and parties, a journal does more harm to the old truths it advocates by taking up half-truths, most of which it must ultimately abandon, than it can do good by cultivating perfect originality.

following papers from American authors were read In the Section of Mathematical and Physical Science papers 'On the Physical Constitution of Cometa,' by Prof. Pierce. 'On the Dynamic Condition of Satura' Ring,' by Prof. Pierce. 'On the Motion of a Pendu lum in a Vertical Plane, when the point of Suspension

In the department of Zoology and Botony, including Physiology, a paper 'On the Intellectual Develop ar. cannot betwee substance of the fourth and fifth volumes. It is now twelve years since the publication of the work has been suspended. Mr. Sainte Beuve is well-known to the readers of French Literature by his 'Causeries du Lundi.' His careful research not occur accidentally or in a fortuitous manner, but it show that the advancement of man in civilization does not occur accidentally or in a fortuitous manner, but is

not occur accidentally or in a fortuitous manner, but is determined by immutable law.

In the department of Economic Science and Statistics, a paper 'On the System of Taxation prevailing in the United States,' by E. Jarvis. And in the department of Mechanical Science, a paper descriptive of Street Railways as used in the United States, illustrated by a model by Mr. G. F. Train of roving and general spread-eagle notoriety.

14th |

You have occasionally given, a well-merited place to the remarks of an observant and eloquent writer on Florentine politics, I would occupy a narrower space with what hes before you.

Inscription for the Portu Romana at Florence.

Per hanc portain ingressus set urbem.
Carbatius Italiae Siciliaeq; Liberator.

For an Inscription on Garibabita is house at Nice.

His in aedibus natus est Garibabius,
Miles strenuos, impager;

Dictor clement agast, providus, ir probus.

Those inscriptions will be little to the taste of the

These inscriptions will be little to the taste of the farm nation; but since Garibaldi is become powerful, these may perhaps be tolerated. I have always been parsimonious of words; else, instead of extolling, i might be accused of lowering him; I might have compared him to a grain of wheat between two millstones the grain slipt from them, and begins to show vigorous aboots above ground.

hoots above ground.
Garbaidi had no country to sell or barter, no deal-ngs with any slave-merchant.
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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